1: Jenness--99-100 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 264, 512

"Owing to their manner of life there are no set hours for meals. Breakfast is eaten as soon as they wake, then usually nothing more till the day's work is over. In winter, when it is certain that the sealers will return as soon as it grows dark, each wife has always a substantial meal ready for her husband, and the smell of boiling seal-meat and steaming broth strike his nostrils as soon as [100] he enters the hut. If the meat is not quite cooked he will often undress and eat in bed. In spring and summer, when the weather is mild and the daylight long, it is altogether uncertain when the husband will return. If the fishing is poor he will probably turn up as the sun reaches the west; if good, not until it is well in the north; while if he happens to be caribou hunting he may be absent twenty-four hours or more. The wife then cooks whenever she feels inclined, eats her meal alone, and puts some of the meat away for him so that he may eat the moment he returns. Woe betide the wife who keeps him waiting after a day spent in fishing or hunting! Even if the whole family has participated in the same pursuit the wife should return early, if possible, so as to have everything ready for the rest when they arrive in camp.

If the weather is inclement and the men unable to go out hunting they frequently spend much of the day in bed. The wife then cooks when she wishes, usually towards evening. A little food is often left on the table at night or beside the door of the tent close to their heads, so that they can reach out and eat, if they wake up, without stirring from their

sleeping-bags.

The quantity of food consumed at one meal naturally varies according to the amount of fat it contains. Men and dogs will half-starve on a diet of lean caribou-meat, however plentiful, whereas half the quantity of blubbery seal-meat will satisfy their desires and keep them well nourished. The appetite of the average Eskimo is not abnormal; as Dr. Anderson has pointed out, it is no greater than that of a white man living under the same conditions on the same diet."

(1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo

"On a normal mid-winter day the Eskimo hunter never stirs till about eight o'clock. His wife rises a little earlier to kindle the lamp, which usually expires during the night. Sometimes she lights it from her bed, but an energetic woman will always rise early and occupy herself with some task or other. Occasionally she boils a little seal-meat to warm up her husband before he goes sealing, but often he is content with frozen fish or deer-meat, or cold boiled seal-meat left over from the night before. The woman removes the snow-block from the door, and goes outside to look at the weather, and it may be to bring in a fresh supply of blubber for the lamp. Presently children appear, bringing food from other houses, and are sent away with corresponding portions to distribute among the neighbours. Any child, no matter whose it is, may be sent on such errands; and if there are no children, or the wife wants to pay a visit herself, she will take her own contributions of food. A man or two will now probably enter the hut, and the husband, who has eaten his breakfast in bed, turns out and dresses. 'Are they starting out for the sealing-ground yet?' he asks, and if the answer is 'Yes', he hurries forth, harnesses his dogs, and takes his sealing apparatus from the rampart that encompasses the house. With the breaking light all the men set out in a body for the sealing-ground, which may be from three to five miles away."

1: Jenness--115 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 512

"In mid-winter the women have usually very little to do while their husbands are away sealing. It is forbidden to sew new garments during the days that the sun is absent, but they may still patch old ones, and they can spend an infinite amount of time in emptying out their bales of clothing and clearing away the snow that is always drifting inside. Such labour, however, is rather useless, for the next gale will bury them up again, and in midwinter there is no danger of the snow melting and damaging the skins. The most fruitful task is to go and gossip in the dance-house, or in the houses of neighbours, until the growing gloom brings warning that it is time to trim the lamp and put the pot on for the hunter's evening meal. Woe betide the woman who is slack in this respect; her husband will probably beat her, or stamp her in the snow, and may even end by throwing her household goods after her and bidding her begone forever from his house."

1: Jenness--115 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 512

"Neighbours drop in after the evening meal to discuss the hunting and all the little events of the day. The hunter is lying in his sleeping-bag. They sit down beside him and chat for an hour or so, then one by one retire, remarking as they leave, 'I am going out.' By seven or eight o'clock the hut is empty, and everyone is preparing for bed. The inmates have another little snack of food, then undress and compose themselves in their sleeping bags, the wife first trimming the lamp so that the flame burns brightly all along its rim, and closing the door with a snow-block. The lamp grows dimmer and dimmer; often it expires altogether before morning, unless some one wakes and trims it again, or throws a little more blubber into the well. The dogs sleep quietly in the passage. Sometimes one prowls about outside, and climbs on to the roof among the bales of clothing. The crunching of its feet on the crystalline snow disturbs the house-wife, who yells at the dog at the top of her voice, 'Won't you lie down? You dog, you're a confounded nuisance.' Her husband rolls over mingling his voice with hers and similar cries come faintly from a neighbouring hut. The crunching ceases for a moment, then recommences, and the woman, with a muttered 'Confound it,' slips on her clothes, picks up the snow-duster, removes the door and crawls out through the dark passage. Shrill yelps soon proclaim that the dog has received a well-merited punishment, and everyone heaves a sigh of contentment and settles down to sleep again. The wife comes in, readjusts the door, dusts her clothes, and crawls into her sleeping-

bag again. Sometimes she brings with her an old headless harpoon, so that if the dog climbs up on to the roof again she can stab it through the snow wall without rising from her bed."

1: Jenness--115-116 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 512, 221

"With the reappearance of the sun and the dawning of longer days the monotony of this life undergoes a change. Hitherto dances and shamanistic performances, with a little wrestling and gymnastics, have been their only diversions in the evenings and on days when terrific blizzards make sealing impossible. Undoubtedly these afford much enjoyment, and relieve to some extent the tedium [116] of their sedentary existence; but still the nights are long and weary and half their life is spent in bed. Longer days mean travel, migrations to new sealing grounds and visits from friends in other communities. It is then, about February or the early part of March, that the Akulliakattangmiut combine with the Puivlirmiut and Noahognirmiut, and the Coppermine river natives come north to the neighbourhood of Locker point, whence some continue west and visit the Dolphin and Union strait Eskimos. Farther east the Pingangnaktok and Kilusiktok natives meet, and some of the Ekaluktomiut and Asiagmiut often visit them. Dances are held almost nightly in honour of both visitors and hosts, and a brisk barter is carried on. Both at this time and later the groups rearrange themselves, some of the local group returning with the visitors to their sealing-grounds, while some of the new-comers in turn stay with the group they came to visit."

1: Jenness--119 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 221, 512

"Spring with its mild, sunny weather brings longer and pleasanter hours for hunting. Seals, though not more plentiful perhaps, are more easily discovered, and the camp is filled with meat and blubber. To the women this season means more work. The winter, provided food and fuel were not wanting, was almost a holiday time, but now each family requires spring boots that will not spoil in the melting snow. Some of the sealskins must be scraped and dried, partly for footgear, partly to make up into bags for clothing, meat and blubber. Such skins are scattered all about the camp, some pegged to snow blocks, others to the walls of the houses, others again stretched over the sleds. There is a general spring cleaning. The clothes that are ranged in bags on the ramparts of the houses must all be unpacked, shaken out and aired in the sun. A sharp eye is kept on the weather for the least sign of drift, and after every gale or snowfall the bags are emptied again, the snow brushed out before it melts, and the clothes carefully repacked. The tent now supplants the snow hut, and in place of closing up chinks in the walls and scraping the window, the wife now beats off the encrusting frost and snow. Surplus blubber is no longer thrown away, but diligently packed in large sealskin pokes to be sorted away for the autumn. At the same time many of their fine winter clothes are packed away, since it will be impossible in summer to carry them wherever they go. Migrations take place more frequently, and the men hunt nearer home, staying away eight or nine hours a day instead of four or five as in winter."

1: Jenness--121 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 221, 512

"The Eskimo, too, feeels the quickening of nature [AW: in May] and bestirs himself to new activities. Tentss and household goods are all overhauled, and new and lighter clothes brought out to mieet the warmer weather. His outer boots are now of seal-skin, which will not spoil in thhe slushy snow; often, too, he wears a seal-skin coat. The season for sealing is novw rapidly drawing to a close, and certain economic factors, varying from district to district, govern the movements of the natives as soon as it is over. One group will haasten shorewards and vanish immediately into the interior, while another will linger for sseveral weeks along the coast."

1: Jenness--218-219 (1913-16) 1922 Copper Eskimo
116, 524, 512

"AMUSEMENTS (1)

It might have been expected that in a land where nature runs to extremes, where at one season of the year every hour of the day is flooded with radiant sunlight, at another only a brief interval of twilight breaks the constant gloom, the natives would have evolved an unusually large number of games and pastimes to relieve in the one case the monotony of the everlasting quest for food outdoors, in the other the tedium of their half-sedentary existence within. But in summer the strenuousness of their migratory life allows them little time for any amenities that do not contribute directly to the general welfare; moreover hunting and fishing amid new and ever-changing scenes gives them a variety of experiences that renders more artificial distractions needless. Children, of course, on whom the cares of life weigh little, will play at every season of the year, running races, or rolling in the snow, or splashing in the water on the margins of the lakes and rivers; but even they in summer are forced to seek their pleasures in the constant round of duties rather than in any organized games, partly through lack of playmates, and partly through the ceaseless activity that characterizes Eskimo life at this season of the year. It is in winter that the need for recreation

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"1. For comparisons with other Eskimo areas see the memoir by Stuart Culin, Bureau of American Ethnology, Vol. 24. I have added one or two references to later works."

arises. Some games are limited to this season, being forbidden at all other times; cat's cradles is one of them, and the hoop and pole another. Other pastimes, such as wrestling, may be indulged in at any season, but in actual fact they are seldom practised except in winter.

We may conveniently divide the pastimes of the Copper Eskimos into three classes, children's games, games that require special implements or toys, and athletics. One of the commonest of the children's games is 'hide and seek.' Half of the children form a ring, keeping their eyes fixed on the ground, while the other half run away and hide. The seekers occasionally intone a kind of chant e-e-e-e-e, before breaking off and beginning their search; more usually they merely await the signal from those in hiding.(2) The latter are sought out one by one and captured, when they in their turn become the seekers.

Similar to our 'tag' are the games of 'wolf' and 'raven'. One child is made the

"2. Cf. Meddelelser om Grønland, Vol. XXX, p. 317. At Barrow, Alaska, the seekers have a proper refrain."

hunter; the others run off, flapping their arms and croaking like ravens or leaping and howling like wolves. Whoever is caught first then becomes the hunter. Adults as well as children sometimes play this game, especially at halts during a migration, when exercise is needed to keep up the circulation of the blood.

In another game a number of children, all facing in the same direction, cling together within a circle of rope. A child in front turns around and faces the rest, and as they try to grab him he backs away against the rope. Thus the whole party is dragged forward until finally one or more of the children trip over and fall to the ground.

Little children have a guessing game that resembles 'hidden ball.' The seeker has to guess which of a number of players has hidden some object under his coat. A modification of this game is often played by two children only. Sitting opposite, one closes his eyes while the other takes a sliver of wood or any convenient object and hides it, usually on the shoulder or at the side of his [219] companion. The child then opens his eyes and glances round to see where it lies. If he fails to find it immediately, his rival will point it out with a whoop of delight, then close his eyes in his turn.

Often they have silence competitions. A child says ika, and everyone keeps perfectly quiet. The first to break the silence is greeted with roars of laughter and loses

the game. (1) Then there are competitions in drinking seal broth, the last one to drain his cup being ridiculed and called by the name of some decrepit old person."

"1. At Barrow, Alaska, when a child says mak or tam all the rest must keep silence. The first to break it loses the game; if a boy he will marry an old woman, if a girl an old man."

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

Light, a motherly old lady for whom we had entertained the greatest respect. It fell to my lot to recover it, so I quietly asked her to bring back our *ookoosik*, as the Eskimos call all cooking vessels. The old lady smiled graciously and went home. Two hours later she returned and handed me, not the frying-pan, but an enormous four-gallon pot that, unknown to us, she had also filched from one of our caches.

To distract their attention from our station and caches I decided to study the natives at their own homes, and to that end induced them to build me a snow-hut. There I lived beside them for three days, enjoying their hospitality and sharing their food as they shared mine. Their life was very tranquil at this period; the women stayed home and sewed, while the men wandered back to a small lake and fished until dark. In the evenings they questioned me about my own country. Some of my food tasted good, they said, especially the sugar; but why did I eat so much grass (rice and oatmeal) instead of strong, nourishing meat? Were seals and caribou not numerous in my land? And my woollen clothes, from what strange skins did they come? Were they the best garments that white men could secure? Surely their own country was far richer than mine.

They told me one evening of a large tribe that was mustering on the opposite side of the strait, and a man volunteered to guide me to the village. Together we

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

rigid taboos to finish the sewing on the sea-ice. My old snow-hut was empty as I had left it, but cold and cheerless without the warm glow of a blubber-lamp. Seeking more comfort in an inhabited hut, I became the "guest" of a man named Snow-Knife, sharing my food with his family and giving them presents from time to time in payment for occupying half their dwelling. The arrangement proved fairly satisfactory for two or three weeks, but later in the winter I changed my quarters and lodged with another family more sensitive to my personal comfort than to my worldly possessions.

The women sewed industriously from morning till night, but the men found the time drag heavily. Some of them were still bringing in the caribou meat they had cached during the summer, and the pokes of blubber left on the coast in the spring. A few set fox-traps obtained the previous winter from Captain Bernard, the first and only trader who had visited their country. The rest stayed quietly at home and put their sealing-gear in order, or helped their wives to scrape the caribou hides.

In one hut that I visited a middle-aged Eskimo was trying to repair a 30.30 Winchester rifle he had purchased from Captain Bernard. A bullet had stuck in the barrel, for, like many a more civilized hunter, he had scrupulously oiled the outside of the weapon, but entirely neglected the inside. He hammered on the

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

132 Some of the smaller ponds had lost their covering of ice, and narrow lanes of water separated the still
136 frozen lakes from their shore-lines. Ducks and loons, returning to their breeding-grounds, sought out old nesting-places in the mossy tundra or on grassy islets in the lagoons. The plumage of the ptarmigan was changing; their breasts preserved a wintry whiteness, but their backs became a faded brown hardly distinguishable from the vegetation around them. The females changed more rapidly than the males, as though nature had designed for them special protection; when they settled on snow their brown backs resembled the moss-covered boulders protruding above the surface, and in the meadows the white of their breasts shone like patches of unmelted snow. Life in many forms surrounded us, but caribou were lacking, for the countless herds that had migrated to Victoria Island from the south were swallowed up in the land. A month before, we had sighted five and six herds daily; now we saw fresh tracks, but rarely a single animal. The cows had dropped their calves in lonely valleys, and were lingering near them until they were strong enough to join the herds; and the bulls were wandering singly, or in twos and threes, here today and gone tomorrow, searching for the richest pastures.

512 From our camp on the Lake of Dancing we visited
000 all the lakes within a radius of six miles. Our party

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

Our party split up each morning and drifted in different directions, each person carrying a fishing outfit, and the men their hunting weapons. Nine or ten hours later the women straggled back with their fish, bearing also, in fine weather, loads of dryads to cook the evening meal. They cut off the heads of the fish for the cooking-pots, threw the backbones and fins to the dogs, and spread the bodies on boulders, or across horizontal poles to dry in the sun. The whole party then reassembled an hour or two before midnight, and, squatting outside the tents, gnawed the fish-heads, bone by bone, and discussed the day's adventures. The hungry dogs looked on with mournful eyes; tied to stones, they dined miserably on bones and broth.

I hunted, most of this period, to obtain caribou meat for my starving dog-team, but during a fortnight's steady tramping saw but two young bulls, which we consumed entirely in three days. The stony ridges cut to pieces my light sealskin boots, intended only for soft snow, and Icehouse, who had tried to patch them each evening, finally rebelled. "Stop hunting for a time," she said. "Your boots are wrecked beyond repair, and caribou will be scarce until the warmer weather comes and the mosquitoes drive them near our camps. Stop hunting, and I will make you new boots with stouter soles for the summer months."

It was not only my boots that troubled her. She believed that an evil demon, haunting the hills to the

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

matter. He pretended to be sound asleep when she stole in, and the camp relapsed into silence, except that now and then a low sob issued from the tent of The Chatterbox, who had disciplined his wife by tearing her coat from top to bottom. Icehouse was unusually quiet in the morning, and our visitors departed abruptly for the hills. So once more our tent stood solitary.

In order to protect ourselves more effectively from the weather we moved into the sealskin cooking-tent, built a low rampart of turf around its base, and covered the roof with caribou hides. The small lamp that Icehouse had discovered on a grave kept our new quarters comparatively snug, and its pale, warm glow streaming through the half-open door guided us home in the darkness from our weary hunts. The weather was stormier now, the nights much longer; in a few more weeks the sun would set for its midwinter sleep. This shortness of the daylight restricted our excursions, so that we added no more than two caribou to the total we had laid aside in our caches. Sometimes we did not go hunting at all, but kept watch in turn from the look-out post and scraped caribou hides inside the tent. Icehouse made herself a pair of trousers from a skin that I scraped, and, rising at 2 A.M. a morning or two afterward, made a similar garment for me by the light of her blubber-lamp. So the days passed monotonously. At last Ikpuck decided that it

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

lifted the veil of secrecy a few inches the other raised it higher, lest silence should rob him of a share in the reward. In the end it was not their secretiveness that hampered our researches, but our ignorance of their ways of thought and their own inability to narrate a story from the ground upward; for they invariably began with the crisis, so to speak, and worked backward and forward, with many omissions and repetitions, on the tacit assumption that our minds moved in the same groove as theirs and that explanations were needless.

If the preceding winter had been unusually mild, this one was unusually stormy. Gales from east and west—the two prevailing quarters—swept the shelterless ice-field day after day until its covering of snow grew hard like a macadamized road. Then the wind blew narrow furrows along it, *sulci* with crests so sharp that they hurt the feet. Hunters who ventured out to seal could find no breathing-holes amid the driving snow, and with difficulty reached their homes again. The first gales passed unheeded. The people had fish and caribou meat stored outside their huts, and pokes of blubber for their lamps. Gathered inside the dance-house, they could laugh at the howling blizzards and while away the hours in song and gymnastics. But when their food was exhausted, when half their lamps had expired from want of oil, dance-songs

29: Jenness E-5 (1914-1916) 1959
ND8 Copper Eskimo ND8

diminished in number, and for two days none at all appeared. The natives, who had nothing to do except deposit their fish in caches as it dried, were lounging around their tents, enjoying the halcyon days of early summer—that week or fortnight, all too brief, when life seemed a glorious holiday. Food was abundant in their camp, and the air so warm that they could sleep in the open air, hardly molested as yet by the clouds of mosquitoes that would shortly darken the sky and attack every living creature, man and beast alike.

Humour is never lacking in an Eskimo community, especially during days of idleness. As the women were gossiping inside a tent, one of the men called out that a shoal had entered the weir. The gathering dispersed in an instant; for although theoretically food was shared in common, the family that gathered the largest store always fared better than the rest, and enjoyed greater prestige. The women, therefore, rushed for their spears and hurried down to the stream. But as they collected on the brink and eagerly scanned the empty water, loud guffaws from the men behind advised them of the hoax, and crestfallen, even amid their laughter, they slowly retreated to their tents again.

About six o'clock the next morning, while the camp still slept, I rose to light our breakfast fire. A woman appeared at the door of her tent, and after gazing tranquilly around, picked up her fish-spear and